

Cæsarem & Fortunam Vebis,

P A R A P H R A S ' D :

POEM on the Kings Resolution of going
for Ireland.

GO Stately *Argonauts* & may prosperous Gales
All from above conspire to fill thy sails;
Thy Cargo is Three Crowns, *Cæsar* to boot;

And he alone worth more, from Head to Foot:

Let Neptune waft thee! and his Trident sway

St. George's Channel, to make smooth his way,

Until thou dost arrive unto that Land,

Where *Teagues* inhabit, which he should command.

No sooner put a Shore, there givest thou he

As soon a Conquest, as we late did see

England subdu'd; where thou didst only Land

And we were sav'd, with Henry in every Hand.

Great! is thy Character; *Success*, thy Name;

To add to *William-Henry's* greater Fame.

Thou needst not fetch St. Peter's Keys from Rome;

No, nor St. Patrick's Cloak out of the Loom;

To bless thy Enterprize. Victorious Youth,

Thou dost not steer by Legends, but by Truth:

Thou hast a greater Influence, better Guide,

Thy Convoy both by Land and Sea beside.

Methinks I see thee drein up every Bog,

Methinks I see thee root out every Log.

And that each Maan about thee in thy sight

Another *Strongbow* is, to claim thy right.

And every Bullet in its place did lurk,

When sent abroad, ordain'd to do thy Work.

Methinks I see *Transub*, with Irish Breeding,

With his Heart aking, and his Nose a bleeding,

Distracted with his *Teagues*, all giving ground,

When *William's* Drums do beat, his Trumpets sound.

Guilt is a Poltron, Innocence is stout;

And from the Jaws of Hell helps Vertue out.

Methinks I hear along the River *Shannon*

Hundreds bid, for a Guide to *Balilanon*;

As my Lord *Lile* (of old) did to *Dunganon*;

Thence to escape; giving the *Teagues* the Loose,

To his *Dear Joyes*; first brought him to this Noose.

St. Patrick purg'd the much more harmless Beast,

Of Venom, in the Men we see encrease.

The French
King.

Great

Great Monarch! that is left to thy sole Powers,
 Peopling anew that Land, and to call it yours;
 In spight of *Granblonians*, hilling *Anapes*,
 Who fondly know not, why they would be Slaves.
 But *Orange*! he has fetter'd us, while we see
 The *Belgick* Lion with our *Three* agree.
 Let *Lewis* Rhod'montade, and *Jemmy* whine,
 King *William* will drink *Bonish* *Glast* Wine
 One Day in *France*, for to controll the *Seine*:
 And when his Troops the *Mier* and *O* reduces,
Le Grand or *Rhoan's* Whelp, wo to thy *Flower de Lucet*!
 He breaks thy *Triple League*, form'd to become
 The Ruine and the Bane of *Christendom*.
 The *Ottoman's* baffled, *Jemmy's* Hook's in's Nose;
 And Devil's-gift *Lewis*, He too has his Throws,
 No Midwifry will serve to save him blows,
 No, tho the Maid of *Oleann* interpose.
 Until he be reduc'd by th' Empire's lance
 From all's Encroachments, to his Isle of *France*:
 There behold *Jemmy*, *Lewis* drawing Cuts,
 Who best Shoots Rovers, having lost their Butts;
 When in comes *William-Henry*, spoils their Sport,
 And hits the Mark, blest'd be Providence fort.
 So with *Augustus* having clear'd the Age
 Of every violent Humour, wilder Rage
 He seems, all Storms and Tempests being furl'd,
 To settle Truth and Peace o're all our World.

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